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The
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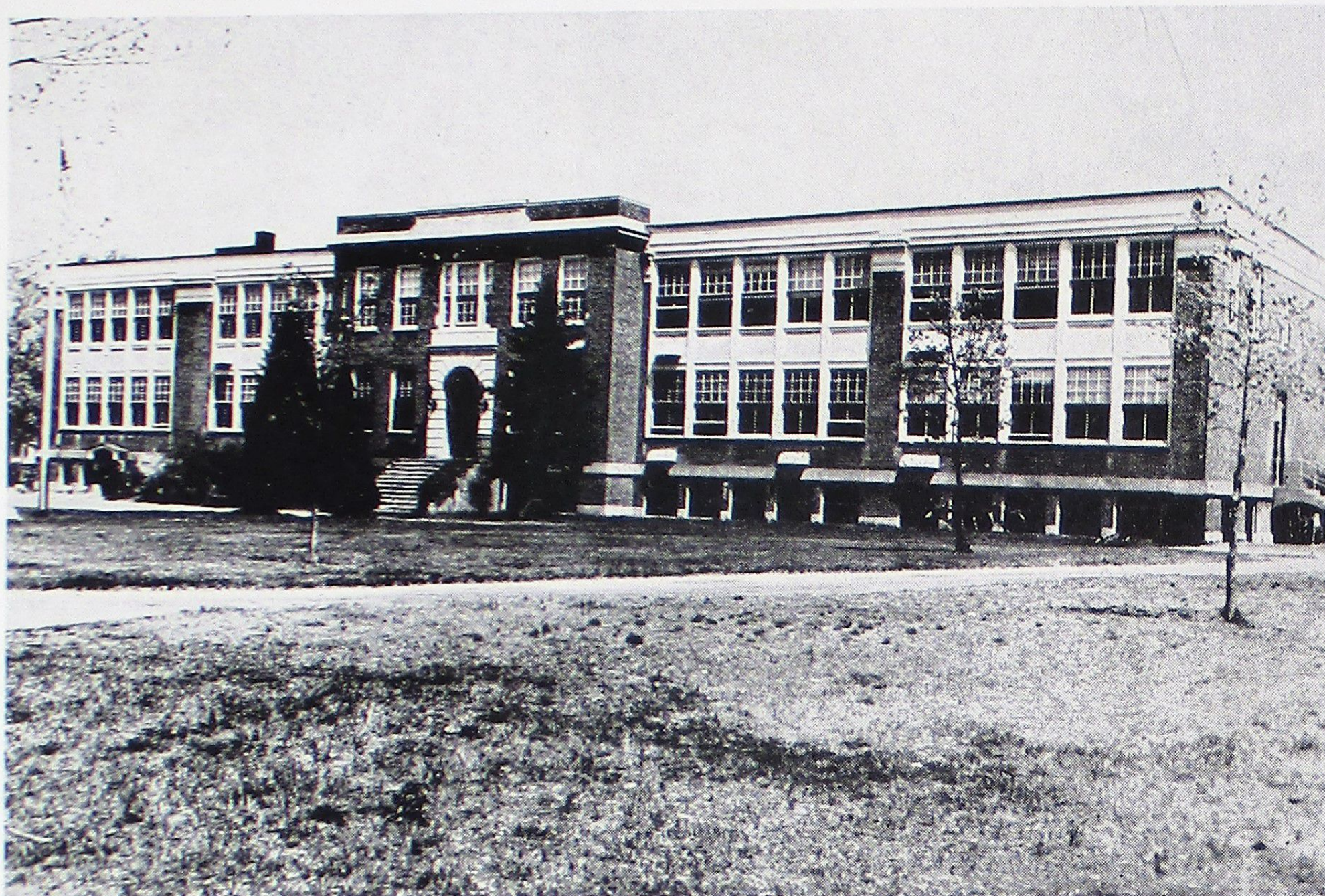
THE 1953 MILLISONIAN

Published by the
Senior Class of Millis High School
Millis, Massachusetts



Dedication . . .

To Mrs. Mary Barrett, as an expression of our gratitude for her friendly advice and ever-present guidance, we, the class of 1953, dedicate this book.



Class Motto

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find."

Class Flower

American Beauty Rose

Class Colors

Crimson and Gold



GEORGE C. ROY
Superintendent of Schools



CLYDE F. BROWN
Principal



HENRY M. DOYLE
Assistant Principal

Faculty . . .



Standing: Miss Jean Currivan, Home Economics; Mr. Richard Young, Manual Arts; Mr. Clyde Brown, Principal; Mr. James Parsons, Athletic Coach; Mr. Henry Doyle, Assistant Principal; Miss Nancy Nolan, Junior High English; Mrs. Helen Feeley, French and Latin; Mr. Edward Tamuleviz, Science.

Seated: Miss Margaret Sellers, High School English; Miss Joan McKinstry, Physical Education; Mrs. Dorothy Magraw, Business; Mrs. Eleanor Kenney, Biology and Mathematics; Mrs. Mary Gavin, Mathematics and Chemistry; Mrs. Mary Barrett, Business.

SENIORS
of '53



CAROL GREENE
Class President

Carol . . . played Mrs. Schultzhammer in our Senior play, "A Date With Judy" . . . done most for M. H. S., prettiest hair, most ambitious, most co-operative . . . likes nice clothes . . . dislikes people who are insincere, spiteful, late . . . "Wuffly" . . . baseball, reading . . . to write.

WILLIAM TATE
Class Treasurer

"Tilly" . . . shortest hair, first to be married, funniest . . . likes Nancy . . . dislikes "show offs" . . . "If you don't like it, do it yourself!" . . . sports . . . to join the Air Force and be happily married.



SELVA PATINO
Class Vice-President

Selva . . . played Mrs. Foster in our Senior play . . . best-dressed, most likely to succeed, most courteous, most studious . . . likes Latin American music, dancing . . . dislikes writing letters, people who are spiteful . . . "Oh, Gee!" . . . anything about aviation . . . to make a trip around the world.



ELAINE BARRY

"Lainie" . . . played Barbara in the Senior play . . . most talkative, loudest laugh . . . likes Harry, sports, dancing, driving, Italian food, Mercuries . . . dislikes boys who are late for dates . . . "Oh, come on!" . . . hunting and fishing . . . to travel and see the world.



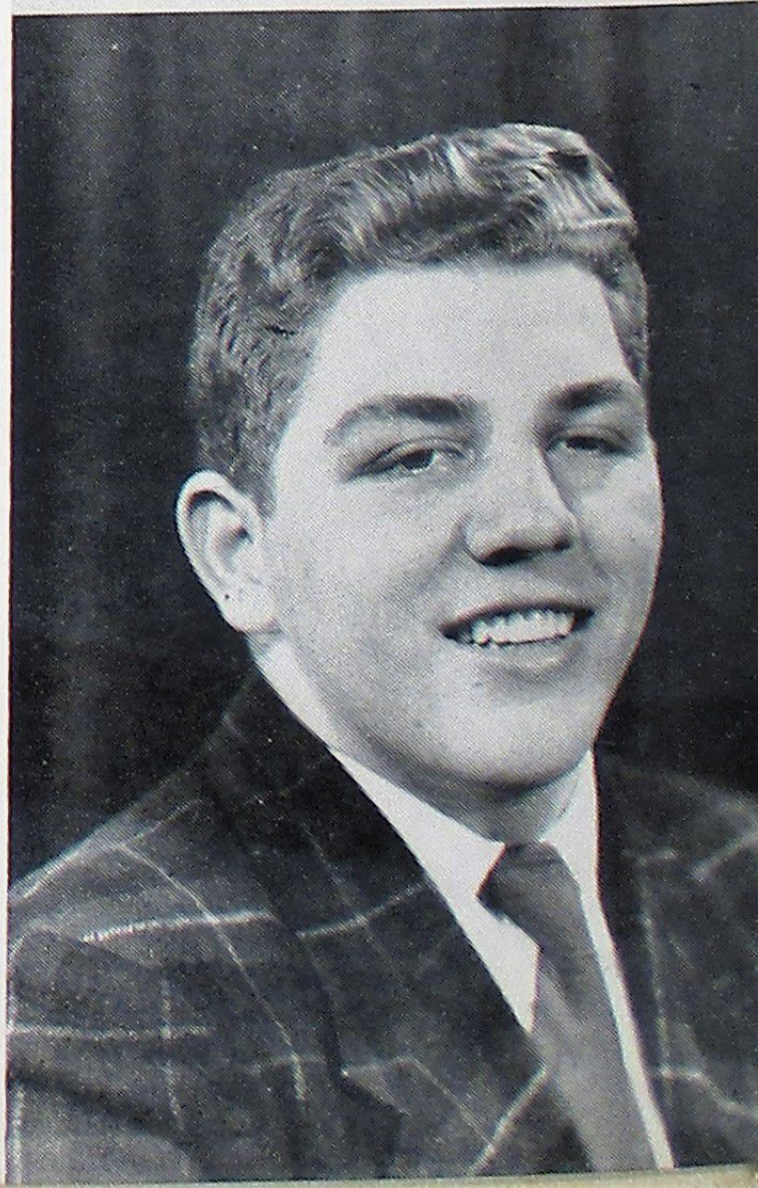
LOUISE CASSIDY
Class Secretary

"Weese" . . . played Mitzi in our Senior play . . . most athletic, neatest, most conceited, most versatile, hottest temper, longest hair . . . likes clothes, hillbilly music, cheerleading, Miss McKinstry, sports . . . dislikes colored ankle-socks on girls, untrue friends . . . "Gosh darn right!" . . . collecting pictures, sports . . . to join service, own a car.



RICHARD BAYRAMSHIAN

"Dick" . . . played Mr. Foster in our Senior play . . . most athletic, most talkative, loudest laugh, best dancer, noisiest . . . likes Donna, good food, sports, girls . . . dislikes losing games, snobby people . . . "That's the way the ball bounces!" . . . girls . . . athletic coach or banker.



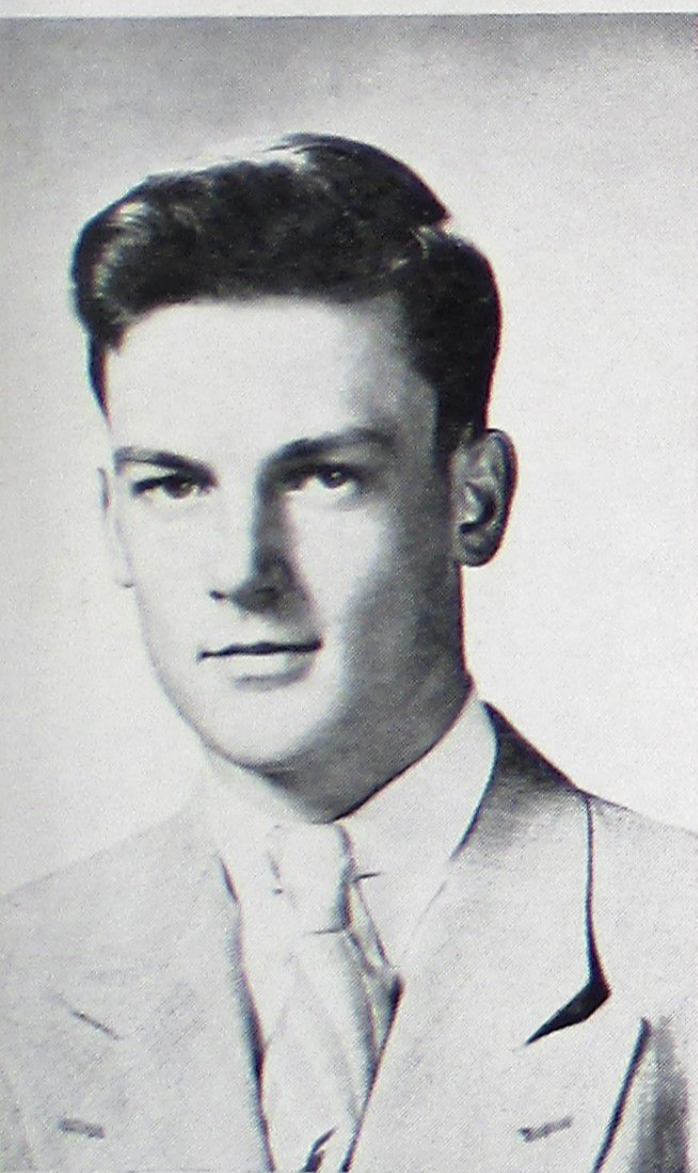
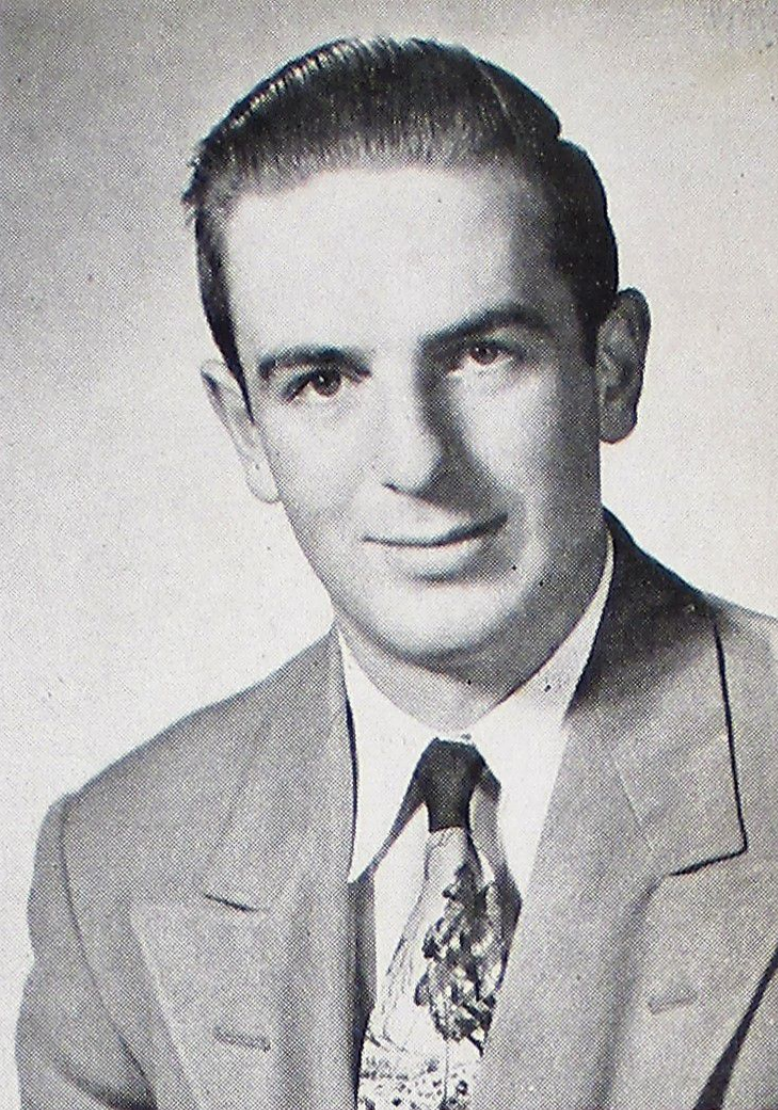


JANET BRODEUR

Janet . . . flirtiest . . . likes dancing, ice-skating at night, clam dinner . . . dislikes people with split personalities . . . "Oh, for Pete's sake!" . . . sports . . . to be happily married.

EDWARD DUHAMEL

"Dewey" . . . One to crack up a car first, most conceited, slowest, most likely to be a bachelor . . . likes football . . . dislikes school . . . "The heck I will!" . . . hunting . . . to get married.



DONALD COX

"Coxie" . . . played Oogie in "A Date With Judy" . . . best looking, best dressed, best personality, most versatile, neatest, friendliest, best disposition, most popular . . . likes Shirley, Italian food, sports, popular music . . . dislikes writing letters, waiting . . . "You're a nice kid and I like you!" . . . photography, sports . . . to go to Hawaii, own a Lincoln.

MARION KENNEY

Marion . . . played Hannah in "A Date With Judy" . . . tallest, biggest feet . . . likes good music, books, movies, pizza . . . dislikes girls who wear too much makeup . . . "Just for chuckles" . . . photography . . . to travel.

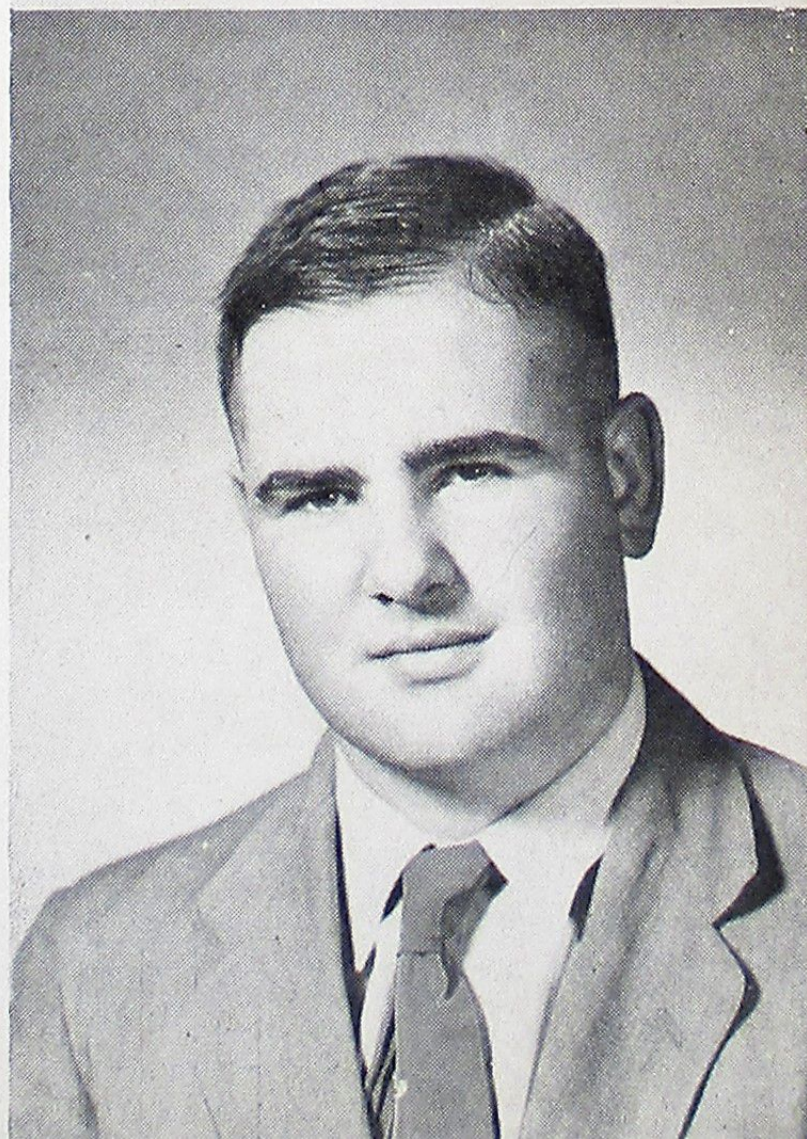


ELENA COSTA

"Ellie" . . . played Mrs. Hotchkiss in "A Date With Judy" . . . likes Mr. Doyle, people who are honest, taking care of children, good food, good movies, and good books . . . dislikes people who argue, liars, sarcasm . . . "Oh, dear!" . . . collecting stamps . . . to become a school teacher and to travel.

PHILIP GILPATRICK

"Phil" . . . most sincere, most bashful, quietest, prettiest teeth, shortest, first to be bald . . . likes good cars . . . dislikes homework . . . fixing cars . . . to become a mechanic.



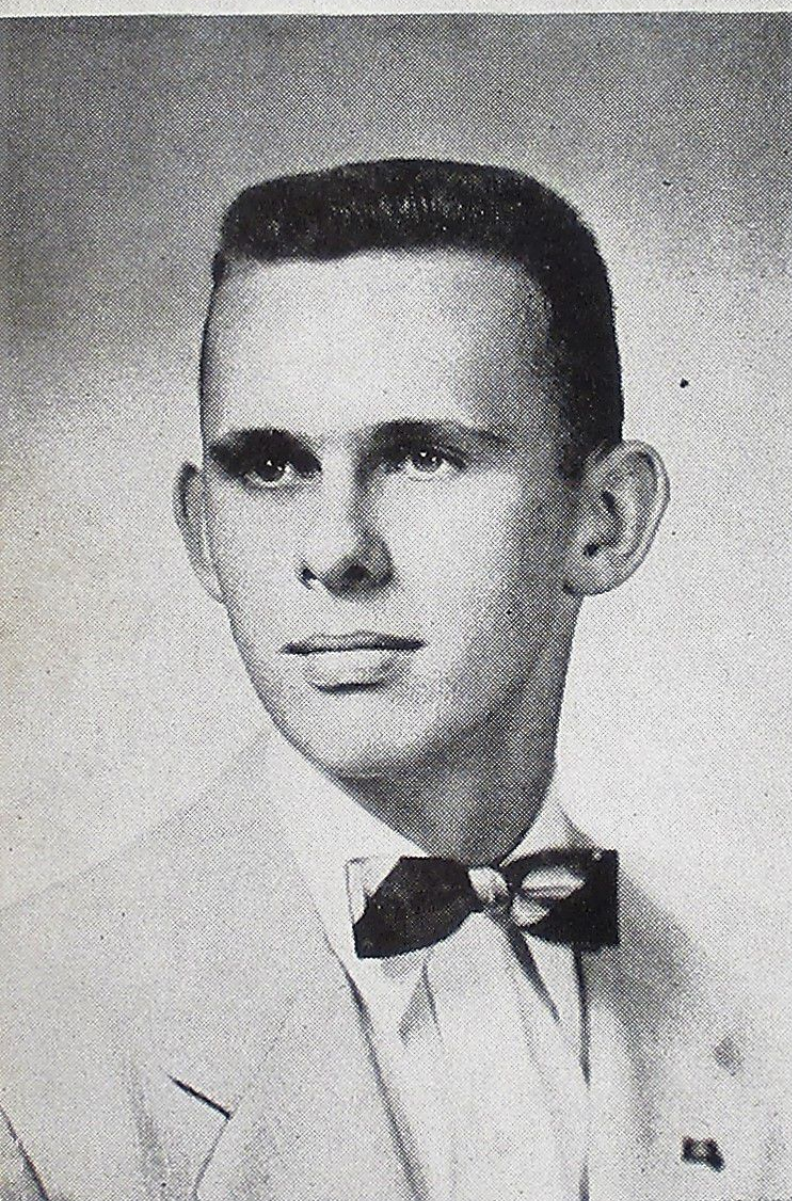
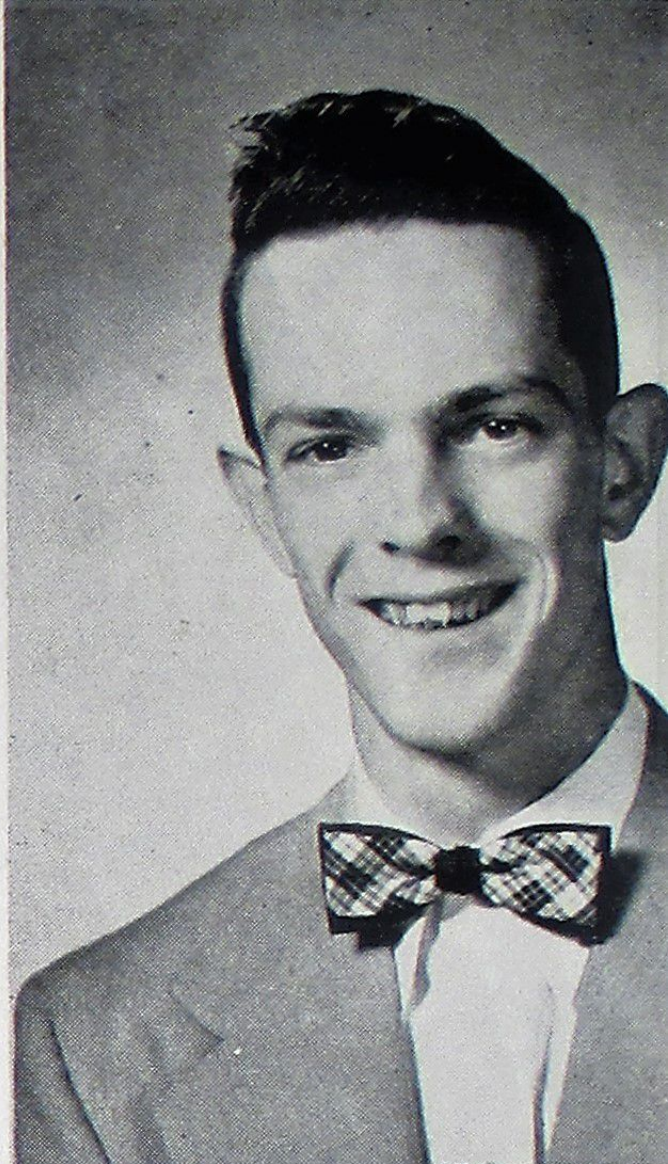


MARIE LA BOUNTY

"Re" . . . most sincere, most bashful, shortest, smallest feet . . . likes children, good food, sports, television . . . dislikes homework, doing dishes . . . "Oh, well!" . . . writing letters, collecting movie star pictures . . . to travel and to be a typist.

HOWARD INGRAHAM

"Howie" . . . played Randolph in our Senior play . . . silliest, smallest feet, wittiest . . . likes hillbilly music . . . dislikes girls that don't wear lipstick . . . "What's the story?" . . . sports, girls . . . to travel.



CHARLES HARRIS

"Chas" . . . played Rex in our Senior play . . . tallest, cutest, most studious, most ambitious, prettiest smile, done most for M. H. S. most cooperative, most likely to succeed . . . likes baseball . . . dislikes girls who make themselves look cheap . . . "And what not!" . . . fishing . . . to become successful in the field I enter.

MARY O'DONNELL

"Mim" . . . played Eloise in our Senior play . . . best looking, prettiest smile, prettiest eyes, most likely to be an old maid . . . likes doing things for others . . . dislikes people who are insincere . . . "Oh gosh, I forgot!" . . . sports . . . to be a nurse, stay single.

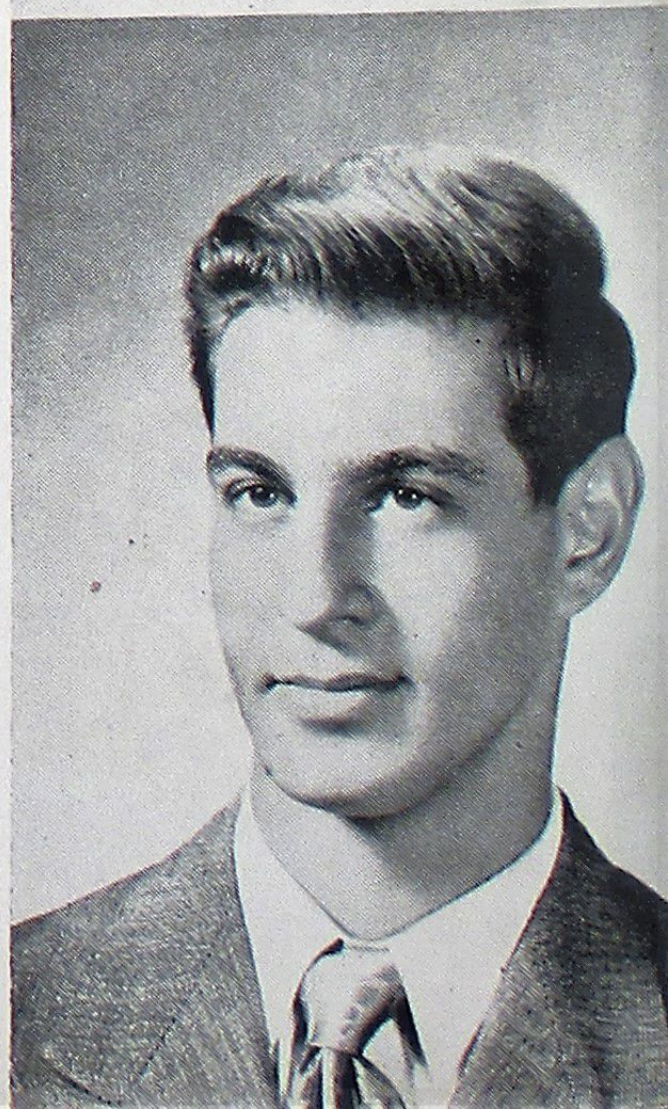


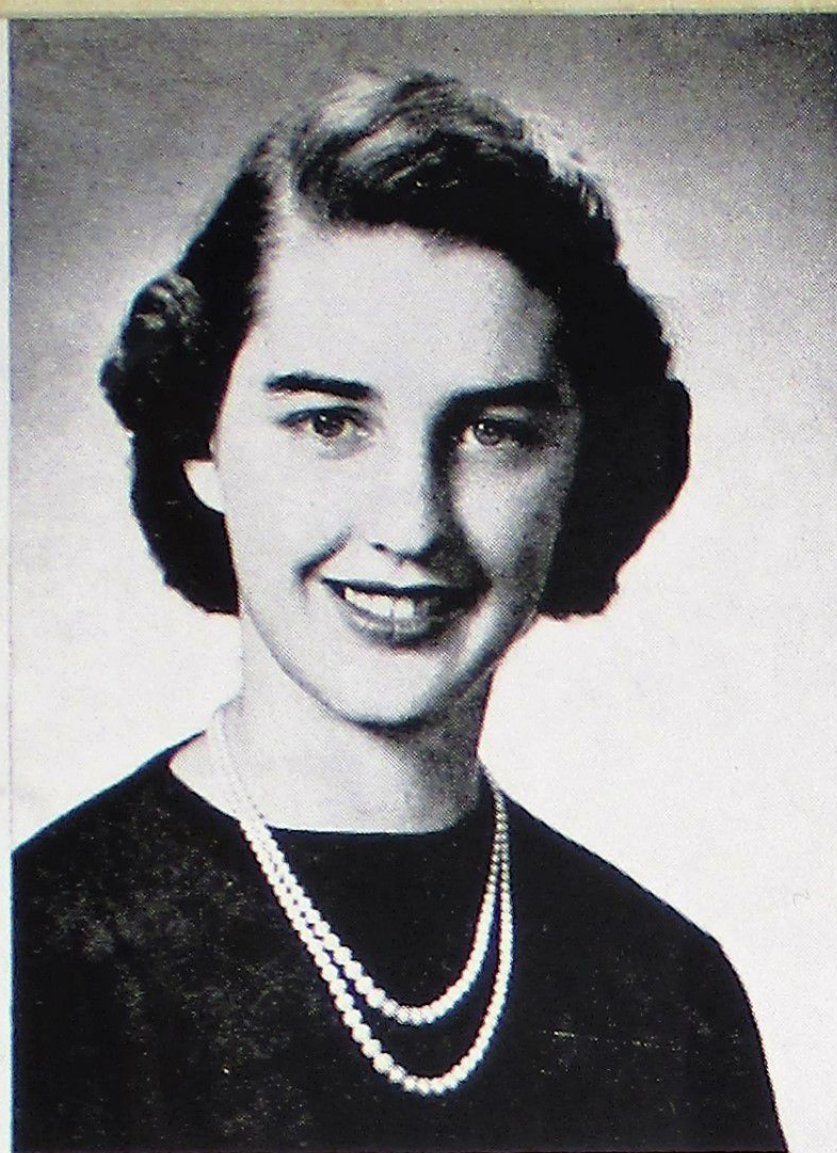
CLAIRE LIPSETT

"Ripper" . . . played Susie in "A Date With Judy" . . . cutest, wittiest, prettiest teeth, shortest hair . . . likes basketball, football, cheering, driving, truthfulness . . . dislikes people who don't answer letters promptly, boys who stand you up . . . "Don't get all shook up!" . . . hunting and fishing . . . to join the service.

MICHAEL MUSHNICK

"Mickey" . . . played Mr. Martindale in our Senior play . . . laziest, most stubborn, hottest temper, longest hair, prettiest hair . . . likes to go on long trips . . . dislikes people who are late . . . "Don't give me the business!" . . . fixing things . . . to operate a prosperous business.





ELENA SIMARRIAN

"leenie" . . . laziest, funniest, most stubborn, noisiest, slowest, first to crack up in a car . . . likes fried chicken and boys whose names begin with the letter "B" and are six feet tall . . . dislikes studying and being yelled at . . . "Not another test!" . . . ice skating and dancing . . . to get married.

CYNTHIA SIMPSON

"Simp" . . . played Judy in our Senior play . . . best personality, best disposition, friendliest, easiest to get along with, most popular, silliest, best dancer . . . likes highly seasoned food, classical music, eating, sports . . . dislikes people who aren't on time . . . "For Pete's Sake" . . . piano . . . to see the world.

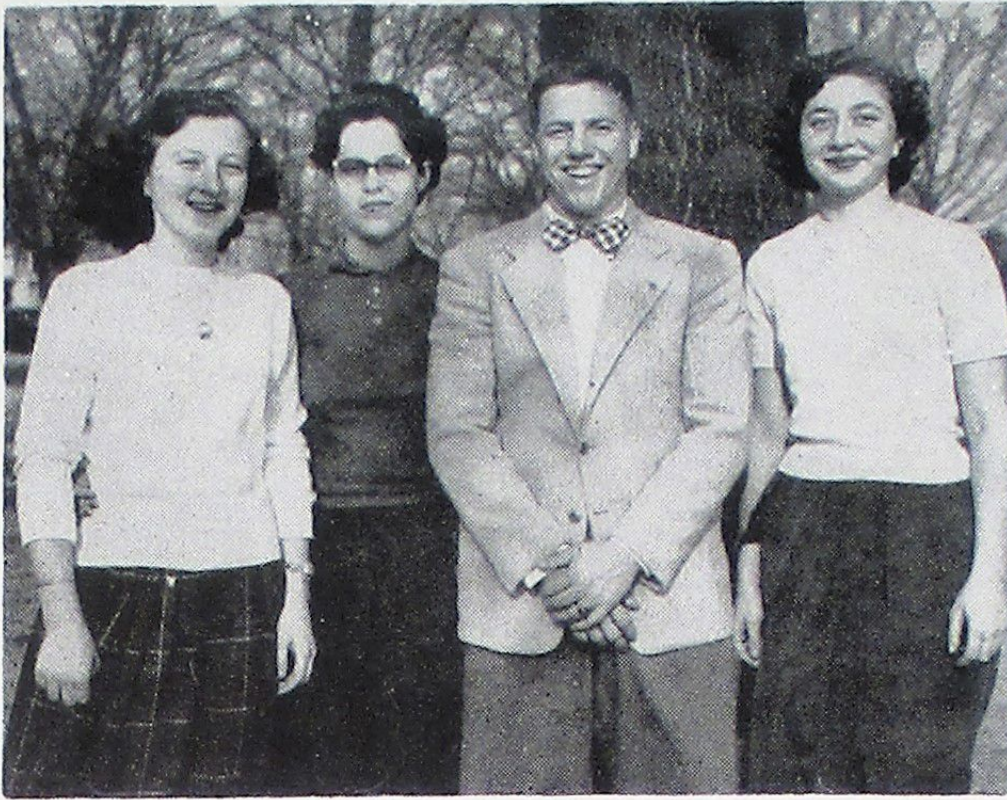
MURIEL WINIKER

"Sister" . . . likes clothes, popular music, Red Sox, Mr. Doyle . . . dislikes people who are late, can't take a joke, and who make fun of a certain college . . . "Oh, darn it!" . . . collecting snapshots and phonograph records . . . to travel and to become a success in the business field.

Class Poem

Our high-school days will ended be on Graduation Day—
In 1953 we've come to the parting of our ways.
With reluctant hearts we bid farewell
For graduation time draws near.
We've fervent hopes that we'll excel
In that future beginning here.
Soon the only thing remaining
Will be memories of happy times,
Of the knowledge we've been gaining—
How brightly they will shine!
Our high-school days are ended on Graduation Day;
At long last we have come to the parting of our ways.

—Selva Patino



Class Officers . . .

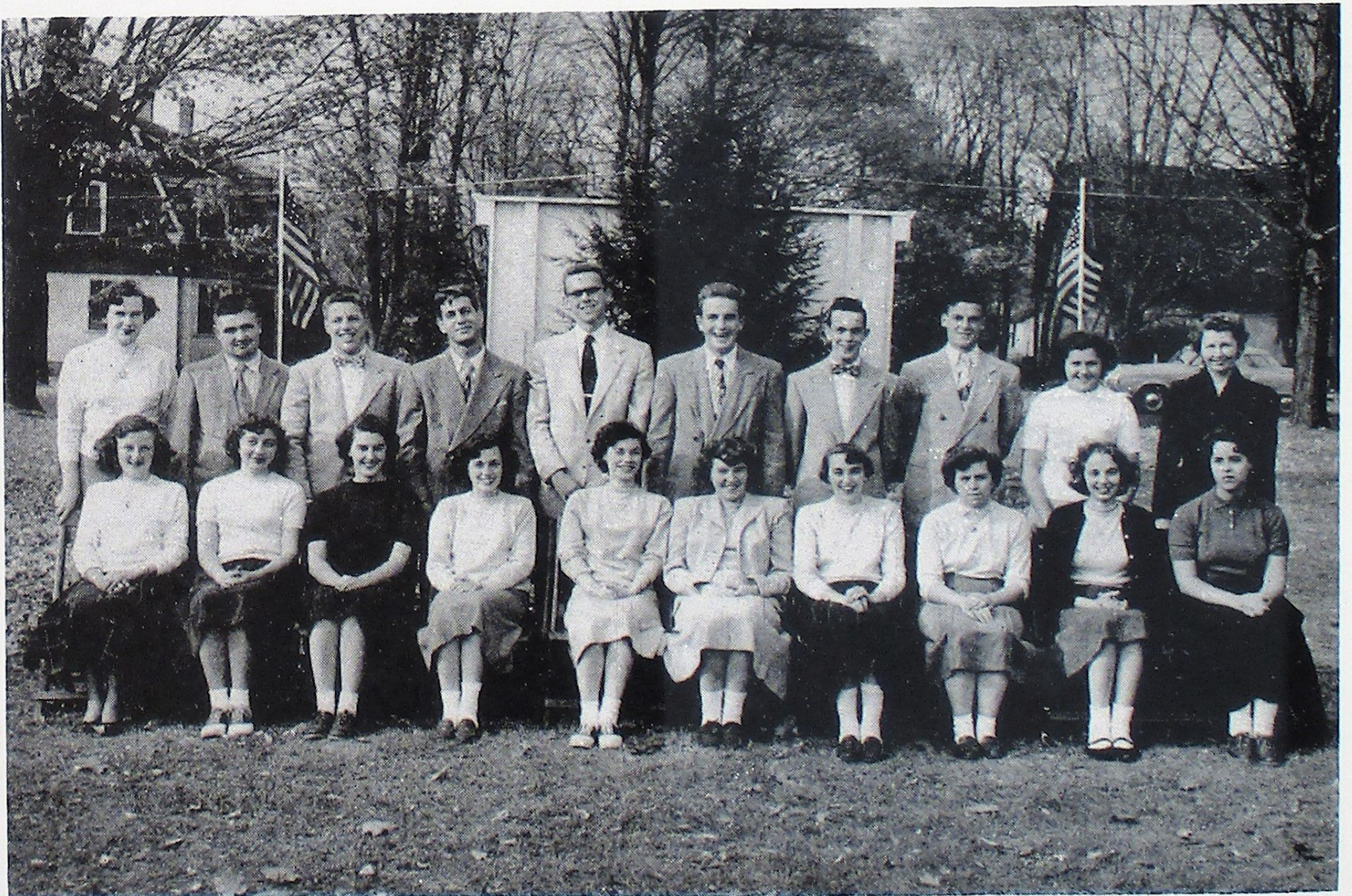
Louise Cassidy — Secretary
 Selva Patino — Vice-President
 William Tate — Treasurer
 Carol Greene — President



Honor Students . . .

Standing: Elena Costa, Marie LaBounty, Cynthia Simpson.
Kneeling: Carol Greene, Selva Patino.

Millisonian Staff . . .



Seated: Louise Cassidy, Carol Greene, Cynthia Simpson, Janet Brodeur, Mary O'Donnell, Elaine Barry, Claire Lipsett, Marie LaBounty, Elena Costa, Selva Patino.

Standing: Marion Kenney, Philip Gilpatrick, William Tate, Michael Mushnick, Charles Harris, Edward Duhamel, Howard Ingraham, Donald Cox, Muriel Winiker, Mrs. Barrett, homeroom teacher.

Who's Who in the Senior Class

Best-looking
 Best-dressed
 Cutest
 Most Studious
 Best Personality
 Quietest
 Most Athletic
 First to be Married
 Laziest
 Funniest
 Most Ambitious
 Prettiest Smile
 Done Most for M. H. S.
 Wittiest
 Most Sincere
 Most Versatile
 Most Stubborn
 Friendliest
 Most Bashful
 Most Cooperative
 Best Disposition
 Most Courteous
 Easiest to get along with
 Most Talkative
 Most Likely to Succeed
 Most Conceited
 Prettiest Teeth
 Prettiest Hair
 Prettiest Eyes
 Most Fickle
 Flirtiest
 Silliest
 Loudest Laugh
 Hottest Temper
 Most Popular
 Best Friends
 Best Dancer
 Noisiest
 Slowest
 Neatest
 Tallest
 Shortest
 Biggest Feet
 Smallest Feet
 Shortest Hair
 Longest Hair
 Most Likely to be a Bachelor
 Most Likely to be an Old Maid
 First to Become Bald
 One to Crack Up a Car First

Donald Cox
 Donald Cox
 Charles Harris
 Charles Harris
 Donald Cox
 Philip Gilpatrick
 Richard Bayramshian
 William Tate
 Michael Mushnick
 William Tate
 Charles Harris
 Charles Harris
 Charles Harris
 Howard Ingraham
 Philip Gilpatrick
 Donald Cox
 Michael Mushnick
 Donald Cox
 Philip Gilpatrick
 Charles Harris
 Donald Cox
 Charles Harris
 Donald Cox
 Richard Bayramshian
 Charles Harris
 Edward Duhamel
 Philip Gilpatrick
 Michael Mushnick
 Donald Cox
 Edward Duhamel
 Edward Duhamel
 Howard Ingraham
 Richard Bayramshian
 Michael Mushnick
 Donald Cox
 "Donnie" & "Eddie"
 Richard Bayramshian
 Richard Bayramshian
 Edward Duhamel
 Donald Cox
 Charles Harris
 Philip Gilpatrick
 Charles Harris
 Howard Ingraham
 William Tate
 Michael Mushnick
 Edward Duhamel

 Philip Gilpatrick
 Edward Duhamel

Mary O'Donnell
 Selva Patino
 Claire Lipsett
 Selva Patino
 Cynthia Simpson
 Marie LaBounty
 Louise Cassidy
 Louise Cassidy
 Helena Simarrian
 Helena Simarrian
 Carol Greene
 Mary O'Donnell
 Carol Greene
 Claire Lipsett
 Marie LaBounty
 Louise Cassidy
 Helena Simarrian
 Cynthia Simpson
 Marie LaBounty
 Carol Greene
 Cynthia Simpson
 Selva Patino
 Cynthia Simpson
 Elaine Barry
 Selva Patino
 Louise Cassidy
 Claire Lipsett
 Carol Greene
 Mary O'Donnell
 Janet Brodeur
 Louise Cassidy
 Cynthia Simpson
 Elaine Barry
 Louise Cassidy
 Cynthia Simpson
 Elaine & Claire
 Cynthia Simpson
 Helena Simarrian
 Helena Simarrian
 Louise Cassidy
 Marion Kenney
 Marie LaBounty
 Marion Kenney
 Marie LaBounty
 Claire Lipsett
 Louise Cassidy

 Mary O'Donnell

 Helena Simarrian

Class History . . .

I am honored to be Class Historian. As the Class of 1953 is modern and business-like, I have brought with me memories from which I should like to tell the history of the Class of 1953. I think it is appropriate to start with a little Ancient History.

Let us go back to September of 1949, the fateful day when thirty-one students, bashful and hesitating, stood before the good old Millis High School, waiting for the bell to sound that would start us on a four-year course—good times, happy friendships and instructive work.

I well remember that first day, Dickie, Charlie, and Mickie (the big operators of the eighth grade) with heads bowed climbing the unfamiliar stairs to the freshman homeroom. Oh, yes! it would be quite different now. It was a challenge to us to begin anew—to build a reputation for our class—a challenge we were quite willing to accept.

It took us quite a while to become familiar with the customs of the high school—I might add especially with the customs of the teachers. By December the freshman class was really a part of the high school. It was a great thrill to elect our class officers: Billy, President; Selva, Vice-President; Mary, Secretary; Charlie, Treasurer.

Our superiority as a class first showed itself in the football field where some of our lightweight colleagues really made a name for themselves at the tender ages of 14 and 15.

We realize that we may have caused Mrs. Gavin much in the way of trials and tribulations but we want her to know it was directly caused by overstudying.

We had many representatives on the girls' basketball team which had a very successful year under our previous Coach, Miss LaLiberte. Our freshman year seemed a long and arduous grind—but before we realized it, it was June and summer vacation was upon us.

Sophomore year—Ah! memories of good times with Mr. Wilmarth as our home-room teacher. We grew in age, height, weight, and also in assurance—perhaps a little too much in the latter. Many times that year and in the next we were to be checked for our overconfidence. Early in September we elected class officers: Cynthia, President; Donny, Vice-President; Carol, Secretary; Charlie, Treasurer.

It was an eventful year with memories of our fateful trip to the frog pond—Remember how wet we got! and how few frogs we caught. We were a friendly class filled with the zest for living. In our sophomore year we lived in anticipation of the great events to take place in our junior year.

Junior year—and a year to remember. Days and days were spent arguing about the style of our class ring. It seems such a trivial matter now but created so many obstacles then.

We were so anxious to start raising money for the Junior Prom—and even for the then distant Washington Trip. Meetings galore—class meetings that seemed to go on for hours and arguments abundant.

Our class officers were quite important to us that year—Holding office proved to be a very responsible job, didn't it? That year there seemed to be as much politics as there is in Washington. When it came time for elections everyone wanted to be president, for he or she would lead the Junior Prom—one of the highest honors of high school life. The final result was: Mary, President; Donny, Vice-President; Carol, Secretary; Charlie, Treasurer.

Our first financial venture was a penny sale which we held in December and which proved quite successful. Finally it was April and the plans for our Junior Prom were in full swing. It was a period of excitement and turmoil for all. I well remember our last minute efforts to decorate the hall—Donny Cox perched on a ladder high above the beams—Claire and Louise doing stunts as they tried to get the paper on the backboards.

The night of the prom arrived and we certainly were rewarded for our efforts. The hall was beautiful and the girls were quite decorative in their flowing gowns. And the boys—could those be the same boys we see in dungarees every day! How sophisticated they looked in their summer formals! It was an occasion we will always remember.

Athletics at M. H. S. this year proved to be the most successful in the history of the school. For it was this year that the boys' football team beat Medway by a score of 33-0. The girls' basketball team also chalked a "never-before-in-history event," by going through the basketball season undefeated. Many of our classmates participated in these events, and some people were of the opinion that our already inflated egos had just about reached the breaking point.

The dignified seniors of the Class of '53 came fearlessly up the steps of Millis High School. We were seniors now, and we demanded respect.

I'm afraid our reputation had run a little before us. We were ready to take the school, faculty, and students alike, by storm. Alas! We hadn't counted on Mrs. Barrett. She wasn't quite as impressed by our previous record as we ourselves had been, but we immediately undertook to persuade her that we were the greatest and the best senior class ever to attend M. H. S.—Now it is June and I doubt that Mrs. Barrett has changed her mind.

It was indeed a memorable year:

A broken nose for Donald Cox,

A leg for Dickie and Charlie,

A collar bone for Billy Tate,

Oh! what luck, by golly!

The football team this year was comprised

almost completely of seniors. I understand a few might be coming back to take a few courses next year — anything for football. The seniors on the football team were:

Billy: All scholastic Junior and Senior year.

Dickie: A great lineman who always kept the line alert and eager.

Charlie: Broken leg and all, he played 32 minutes a game from the sidelines.

Donny: Greatest broken field runner in Millis history.

Mickie: All-scholastic and all-football player.

Howie: The fastest little center Millis has ever seen.

Eddie: Tremendous speed; league's outstanding punter.

The team was ably coached by Coach Parsons and Coach Tim.

At the end of February the girls' basketball team took account of stock and found that they won five games and lost five games. The team was captained by Louise Cassidy. Carol Greene, Cynthia Simpson, Claire Lipsett, and Selva Patino played as guards, while Elaine Barry, Mary O'Donnell, Muriel Winiker, and Janet Brodeur played as forwards. Perhaps we'll have our own Millis Alumnae basketball team.

We again started on our fund-raising ventures which lasted almost up to the minute the train departed for Washington.

We held penny sales, record hops, paper

drives, and a few of the girls got together and organized a concession stand at the football games.

In December we held our Senior Play, "A Date With Judy," which proved to be financially the most successful ever produced at Millis High School.

We, too, can look back and laugh now at our moments of anguish as we wondered if Mickie would ever learn his lines; if Charlie would keep his grammar straight; whether or not Dickie would blow us out of the hall with his enthusiasm. But it was lots of fun and memories of Donny Cox's, "I've got a Date with Judy," will echo through our minds in the years to come.

Fortunately for the present juniors, Mrs. Barrett has survived the many ordeals to which we have subjected her during the course of the year, but it certainly proved a happy and successful year.

Now we are to pass into the ranks of the alumni. We have "done our bit." We were an active, sociable class, and now when the curtain is to be drawn for the end of the fourth act of our high school drama, we have nothing but best wishes of good luck and happiness to the Classes of '54, '55, and '56 and to the teachers who worked so hard to help us have both a profitable and happy career within the portals of Millis High School.

—Marie LaBounty

Class Will . . .

Know All Men By These Presents:

We, the members of the graduating class of 1953, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to the underclassmen and faculty, our peculiar qualities and unusual abilities. We make this our last will and testament. After the payment of our just debts and funeral expenses, we give, devise and bequeath as follows:

I wish to inform those people who do not know, that **Mr. Brown** owns a summer boarding house situated by the side of a lake in the state of Maine. Mr. Brown practiced diligently in order to become swimming champion — but the lake seems to grow deeper and deeper every year. It's a long way to the bottom, isn't it, Mr. Brown? Perhaps a pair of swimming trunks with a built-in motor would be the ideal gift from our class.

Do you recall the day, **Mr. Doyle**, when we mentioned the titles of our themes? To you, Mr. Doyle, we wish to give a book entitled: "The Writing Styles of Steinbeck and Hemingway" written by one of our own classmate critics, Billy Tate.

To **Mrs. Barrett** we leave the serene atmosphere of our empty room.

Most of you will be surprised at this one. **Mr. Kline** left last April; but if you notice, Marion Kenney stayed on with us.

Well, **Mr. Young**, your summer vacation is almost here and your physics class thought it

would be nice to leave you a round-trip ticket to Hawaii, to see the land, the scenery, the girls and to find us a watchstrap — need we say more?

To **Mrs. Edwards** we leave our canary-like voices and hope that she can get some more birds like us.

To **Mrs. Feeley** we leave a serious-minded French III class. At least these future students won't try to go off on tangents.

To **Mrs. Magraw, Louise Cassidy** leaves this message:

I wish I may, I wish I might

I **know** that I can **leave** tonight!

To **Mrs. Kenney**, who teaches first-aid, we leave a noose. Maybe she'd like to demonstrate it on a few of her pupils. (Hello Pat).

To **Mr. Parsons, Howard Ingraham** leaves a slightly used cigarette lighter with the inscription: "Catch me if you can." Ha, ha, Howie! You're at a disadvantage with short legs.

To **Miss McKinstry** we leave the job of a real estate agent — in order to buy land for a new school, of course.

The Senior Class appropriates \$10,000 for a miniature Yucca Flats, where **Mrs. Gavin** can carry on her hydrogen tests!

We give back to **Mr. Tim** his expression—"No kidding, you've got it!" Thank heavens, we can't take it with us!

We leave a silencer to be placed on **Miss Currivan's** potato peeler in order that it

won't disturb the studious first-period study students.

We leave a \$100 raise to **Miss Nolan** who has taken on a job as patrolman. Her beat . . . being directly behind her class.

Do you recall the day, **Miss Sellers**, when you got stuck on the old cartroad by Izabicki's? and how gentlemanly your students acted? We consider you quite fortunate to be left two perfect gentlemen who would be willing to do "anything" for you: **George Volpicelli and Dickie Gurner**.

Hear ye! Hear ye! For Freshman boys only! A prominent senior boy **Charles Harris** will speak to ye about the hidden qualities of Belgian women. He will leave you his secret formula. You don't get it from the DuBarry Success Course, either!

Helena Simarrian leaves her formula "How to Milk Chickens" to **Snooky Jones**. Better be careful, Snooky, or she'll have you cleaning out the hen house, too.

Michael Mushnick leaves a whip and a slightly used English book to **Gary Casey**, who will probably keep it that way. Don't exert yourself to crack it too hard, Gary.

Lainy Barry and **Claire Lipsett** leave Millis and will head toward Alaska where they hope to carry on . . .

Elena Costa leaves a book entitled, "How to Get Along With a Sister-in-Law" to **Joyce Clark**.

We all remember the Minstrel Show the high school put on and the sensational bathing beauties! Well, **Phillip Gilpatrick** leaves his

bathing suit to **Donnie Ackroyd** in hopes that he'll bring down the curtain.

To **Deirdre MacLeod, Mary O'Donnell** and **Janet Brodeur** leave their ability to correspond.

Donnie Cox leaves his love for Shelly — the English poet, of course.

To **Helen Clark, Selva Patino** leaves her Plymouth. When Helen drives, we wonder if it's the car or Helen.

There must be a few girls that remember an episode at the Blue Bell. **Carol Greene** leaves to **Jerry Zalvan** a new scalpel. You never know when Nessie and Ann will start popping again!

Billy Tate leaves his weight to his two ends! . . . in football, of course!

Marie LaBounty leaves to **Joan Sidman** her flourishing business of homework lending.

To **Joan Snyder, Dickie Bayramshian** leaves his false teeth to be placed on the lunch table in first-period study hall, for admirers only.

To **Gloria Winiker** her sister **Muriel** leaves the gentle art of handling future senior boys.

In testimony thereof, we, the senior class, have set our hands and seal to this our last will and testament, written upon this paper, in the Town of Millis, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the tenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty-three.

Signed: **Cynthia Simpson**

Witnessed by:

Doctor Orvil Purdy

"Pop" Clark

Class Prophecy . . .

It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of May in the year 1963. As I was sitting alone at home, I picked up a novel which was No. One on the nation's reading list, THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR ALWAYS RINGS TWICE. The author's name seemed to leap at me from the startling red cover; Carol Greene who, it seems, had made other great contributions to literature; among them, THE LIFE OF A WOULD-BE HANGNAIL and the LOST EGG THAT DIDN'T GET SCRAMBLED.

Suddenly I began to reminisce about the happy times we had had in high school. As I sat enclosed in my reverie, I did not hear the door bell rudely ringing until a shabby young miss propelled herself into my home announcing in a boisterous manner that she was the new maid that I had asked for earlier that morning. The voice appeared to be familiar and a closer examination revealed none other than Marion Kenney, still wearing the axle grease in her hair from the senior play. After we had talked for more than an hour, Marion busied herself with the household duties while I tried to relax by listening to the radio. My favorite commentator announced that some private belongings had been removed from the apartment of a pert young Harvard professor, Miss Muriel Winkler, by one of her male admirers. It seems that those college

raids, hmmm, had reached their peak again.

After reconciling myself to this startling news I returned to my reading. By mere chance I picked up a current sports magazine. The feature story of this issue told of a prominent coach, Richard Bayramshian, residing in Hawaii, who had become a hermit when the members of his all-girl football team left him seeming to prefer married life. It seems unfair that the girls should desert Dickie when he had always been such a devoted fan of theirs.

That evening Marion and I decided to have a class reunion before Dickie went into complete seclusion. I managed to contact Dickie, who was delighted at the thought of seeing his classmates again.

The following day without further ado, I shopped for an outfit for the forthcoming party. While in the most exclusive shop in New York, I glanced in the mirror and saw the laughing reflection of a familiar face. I recognized Mademoiselle Punster, the former Cynthia Simpson, who had just returned from Paris. Her French certainly had improved since our high school days. We had so much to say to each other that we decided to have dinner together and then attend the theater.

That night, walking down Fifth Avenue, we saw a quaint organ grinder whose monkey, named Shelley, took an immediate liking to

us. Shelley removed the organ grinder's black moustache and we recognized Donald Cox whom, we had felt sure, was destined for public life. I guess he liked pizza so much that he joined the happy clan.

We continued on our way, when suddenly we noticed a billboard advertising a wonderful discovery to keep accurate time. We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw the name of the president of this clock firm, Mary O'Donnell, herself. "Just think," Cynthia said to me, "Mary never was able to get to school on time and now she is helping millions of Americans to be prompt."

After an enjoyable time at the theater, we decided to climax the evening by attending a night club. On entering we saw an attractive young girl singing. Could it be, yes it was, Janet Brodeur now known as the "Nightingale of the East." Janet came over to speak to us and told us that another classmate was working there keeping TABS on her. As she spoke we saw a young girl clad in an exquisite but "petite" costume of a cigarette girl. It was Louise Cassidy. I guess Louise had had enough of the life on the farm; she certainly seemed to be thriving in the big city.

Louise had an abundance of information about our classmates. She told me that Elaine had just won the world's heavyweight wrestling championship by gaining a decisive victory in Alaska. Her manager, SAM, must have had an in with the Eskimos during his years of residence there.

Claire had joined the service after high school. She was now working in the Pentagon Building as a private secretary to General Philip Gilpatrick. Yes, our Phillip was in charge of the WACS in Washington, D. C. "I guess Phil has changed his mind about girls," Cynthia commented. We departed after making plans to meet Saturday night.

The following day Marion and I planned to attend the circus before it closed for the year. It was a beautiful afternoon and since we had an abundance of time, we decided to walk. When only a couple of blocks away from the circus, we heard familiar strains from an open window. "Now listen lady, I'm doing this job; if you don't like it, do it yourself." We knew only one person who could use that expression with such emphasis; you guessed it, Billy Tate. We later discovered that he was a T. V. repairman.

The day at the circus proved to be a very eventful one, for we had no sooner arrived there when we saw the sensation of the circus, the tallest man in the world! Why he must be at least 9' 5"! It turned out that this tall man had been an ardent user of Hytrus PYtrus vitamin pills that contain more growth to the ounce — our little Howie Ingraham. Howie said that he'd be thrilled to come to the party. He was eager to see our old gang. He also told us that another of our classmates worked there; and right he was; for when I finally convinced Marion to have her fortune told, we found our little shy Marie LaBounty as the Gypsy fortune teller and oddly enough

Marie could really predict the future.

Later that evening we decided to attend the opening of the most elaborate night club in town. We dressed in our best and we were quite intent on the floor show when suddenly I was startled by a tap on the back. I say tap; however, it felt like the quick descent of a brick. A booming voice jovially exclaimed "The drinks are on the house, Folks." This sounded just like Charlie Harris, always the soul of hospitality. Sure enough, it was our old friend, Charlie, the proprietor of this fabulous gold mine. Green bills seemed to be oozing from every pocket and a diamond stickpin was a reminder to us that Charlie had reached the ultimate of success. "Course," Charlie said, "I owe it all to my wife. You know those French girls really have a way with money." We had a wonderful evening; Charlie said that he would contact some of our classmates before Saturday night.

While reading the paper at breakfast next morning, I noticed the astonishing headlines "DAREDEVIL RETURNS FROM MARS." It seemed like an incredible story; but in order to prove his theory that people actually exist on Mars, the so-called Daredevil brought three of the loveliest girls back with him. I contacted our hero Eddie Duhamel who said he would love to come to the party provided he could bring his prize Beauties. "Of course," I said, with a deep sigh, "the more the merrier."

Since it was Friday afternoon I had to go shopping for tomorrow evening. As I walked into one of the grocery stores, I saw Helena Simarrian loaded with bundles. Helena was glad to see me and told me all she knew in about three minutes. I then asked her if she had heard from Michael, remembering how extremely friendly they had been back at good old Millis High. While I expected the roof to cave in, she calmly sputtered, "Why you should see the cute pair of twins we have. Haven't you heard we've been married for the past four years?" This was the greatest shock that I had received. Helena assured me that Michael and she would attend the party tomorrow night.

The big event had finally arrived — at seven o'clock some of my classmates were arriving; by eight o'clock they were all present except Selva. Marion told me that Selva had called earlier that evening and said that she might be a little late. Suddenly we heard a roar of a plane, then we heard it land. In a few moments the door bell rang. Howie answered the door and sure enough it was Selva who entered. "Sorry I'm late," she exclaimed, "but my old buggy wouldn't go." She told us that she had been flying those wings for almost eight years and this was the first time that she was ever late. Well, the party began and I silently slipped back as I glanced at each one of my classmates.

It was so good to be together again; we might be a little older and a little wiser, but we were the same old gang. It hadn't been a bad class at all. It had certainly proved to be a very successful one.

—Elena Costa



Freshmen

Seated: Carol Sokoloski, Shirley Mick, Norma Carter, Mary Willinski, Sally Barrier, Elizabeth Costa, Elaine Carlson, Mary Revell, Beverly Frink, Lisette Walters.

Second row: Mrs. Mary Gavin, homeroom teacher; Marlene Balanger, John LaBounty, Alan Bentley, Anthony Fealey, Dicky Gurner, George Volpicelli; Betty Margolis, Ginny Lydon, Mrs. Dorothy Magraw, homeroom teacher.

Third row: George Lewandowski, Donald Dymtryck, Tommy Murphy, Bobby Mosher, Martin Veiner, Billy Collins, Gary Casey, Robert Corchoran, Tommy Keough.



Sophomores

Seated: Marilyn Mael, Patricia Fleming, June Barrier, Valerie McLean, Betty Bentley, Ann Dederian, Shirley Spencer, Olga Maranjian.

Standing: Gerald Niernberg, William Keough, George Smith, Edward Rogers, Donald Ackroyd, Dean Pineo, Isaac Kramnick, Alan Newell, Mrs. Kenney, homeroom teacher.



Juniors

Seated: Kay Bison, Joan Sidman, Ellen Rioridan, Joan Meleski, Marie Sokoloski, Gerry Zalvan, Deirdre MacLeod, Nancy Thorne, Joan Carlson.

Second row: Jon Margolis, Joanne Shannon, Joyce Clark, Gloria Winiker, Helen Clark, Lucille Barrier, Gertrude Jones, Miss Sellers, homeroom teacher.

Third row: Donald Frink, Ned Olson, Lloyd Lipsett, Louis Moore, Paul Dymtryck, Russell Geyer.

Live Wire Staff

Seated: Cynthia Simpson, Carol Greene, Olga Maranjian, Mary O'Donnell, Elaine Barry, Claire Lipsett, Geraldine Zalvan.

Standing: Mrs. Barrett, advisor; Joan Meleski, Kay Bison, Elaine Carlson, Marion Kenney, Valerie McLean, Gertrude Jones, Miss Sellers, advisor.



Student Council

Seated: June Barrier, Helen Clark, Joan Meleski, Mary Willinski, Ginny Lydon, Tommy Keough, Jon Margolis, George Lewandowski, Billy Keough, Bobby Mosher.

Standing: Deirdre MacLeod, Selva Patino, Carol Greene, Donny Ackroyd, Billy Tate, Louise Cassidy, Dicky Bayramshian, Paul Dymtryck, Mr. Henry Doyle, advisor.



Glee Club

First row: Shirley Spencer, Betty Bentley, June Barrier, Marlene Belanger, Betty Margolis.

Seated: Marion Kenney, Carol Greene, Cynthia Simpson, Ellen Riordan, Deirdre MacLeod, Mary Willinski, Ginny Lydon, Helen Clark, Marie LaBounty, Patricia Fleming, Geraldine Zalvan, Elena Costa, Selva Patino.

Third row: Gerald Mirenberg, Sally Barrier, Lucille Barrier, Kay Bison, Olga Maranjian, Elaine Barry, Claire Lipsett, Louise Cassidy, Joanne Shannon, Elaine Carlson, Joan Sidman, Lisette Walters, Marie Sokoloski, Janet Brodeur, Valerie McLean, Muriel Winiker.

Fourth row: Marilyn Mael, Joan Meleski, Billy Tate, Michael Mushnick, Charles Harris, Edward Duhamel, Donald Cox, Donald Ackroyd, Howard Ingraham, Joyce Clark.



Girls Sports

The girls' athletic program started in September with field hockey. Only a small percentage of girls participated in the sport but those who did, played very well. We played only two games, both with Medfield High School. The Millis girls won the first game by a score of 3-1 and lost the second game with a score of 2-1.

Next came the most interesting sport in

the minds of everyone, basketball! The team, ably coached by Miss Joan McKinstry, began practice early in November. The first team broke even with five victories and five defeats. The second team's record was not so impressive with three victories and seven defeats.

The backbone of the team was composed mostly of seniors but the underclassmen will soon fill our positions.

CLAIRE LIPSETT — Center Guard — Claire was outstanding in every game during her four years. She was tall and always played her position well. Claire was on the second team her freshman year and a member of the first team the remaining three years.

CAROL GREENE — Right Guard — Carol was always where she was needed — under the basket. She always did her best to keep that ball on the opposite side of the floor.

CYNTHIA SIMPSON — Left Guard — Simp was our ball carrier — she was always moving that ball to the forwards to try to raise the score during her three years of basketball.

SELVA PATINO — Selva always showed great sportsmanship to her team-mates during the three years she participated.

JANET BRODEUR — Jan was our second team star and she was always ready and willing to keep the second team's record the same as the first team's. She was always where she was needed most.

MARY O'DONNELL — Mary was another of our four-year players. Mary was a member of the second team when a freshman and on the first team her sophomore, junior and senior years.

ELAINE BARRY — Right Forward — Lainey was always at every game ready to play her hardest. Those long shots were swell and were a great asset to the team. Lainey was a star of the second team for three years and the first team her senior year.

MURIEL WINIKER — Co-Captain. Sister was on the second team her freshman year and on the first team her remaining three years. Sister always kept that ball rolling for us in every game.

LOUISE CASSIDY — Co-Captain. Louise was high scorer her junior and senior years. She played on the second team her freshman year and the first team her sophomore, junior and senior years.

Thank you, Coach McKinstry, for the able help and guidance you have given each of us in the past two years of sports!

Louise Cassidy

Girls Basketball Team



Standing: Coach McKinstry, Claire Lipsett, Selva Patino, Carol Greene, Mary O'Donnell, Cynthia Simpson.
Kneeling: Elaine Barry, Louise Cassidy, Muriel Winiker, co-captains, Marie Sokoloski, Janet Brodeur, absent

Boys Football Team . . .



Kneeling: George Harris, Dicky Bayramshian, Louis Moore, Paul Dymtryck, Howard Ingraham, Donny Ackroyd, Michael Mushnick, John Diggins, George Smith.

Standing: Donny Cox, Alan Newell, Billy Tate, Eddie Duhamel, John Kubacki.

The 1952 football season was perhaps one of the most successful in the history of Millis High. However, much of the team's success is accredited to its captains and capable coaches, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Tamuleviz.

The two captains, Dicky Bayramshian and Billy Tate, did a fine job of leading the team on the field. The team will lose many of its members by graduation — Richard Bayramshian, William Tate, Charles Harris, Howard

Ingraham, Donald Cox, Michael Mushnick and Edward Duhamel. Their memory will linger in the halls of Millis High for many years to come. The coaches will have a hard time finding men to take their places.

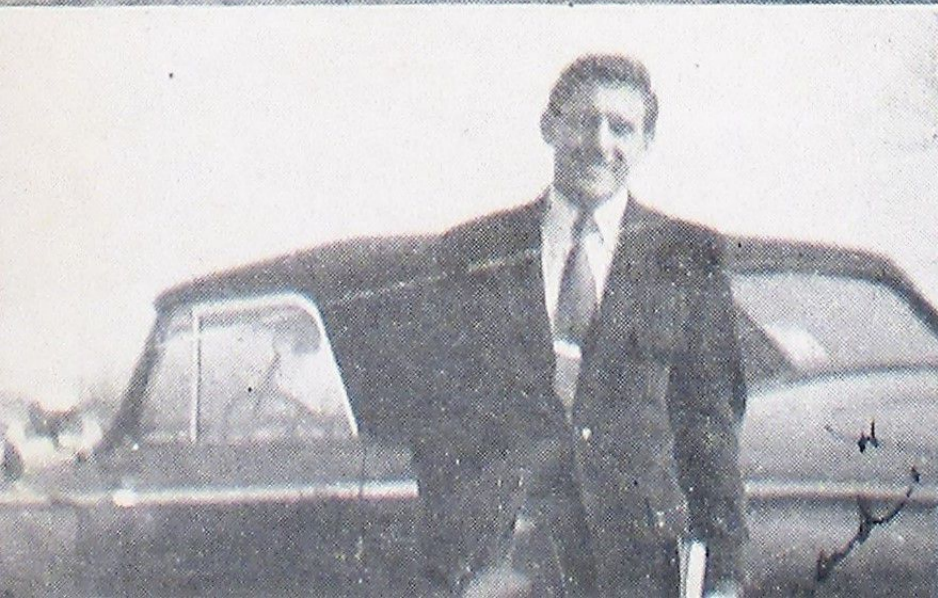
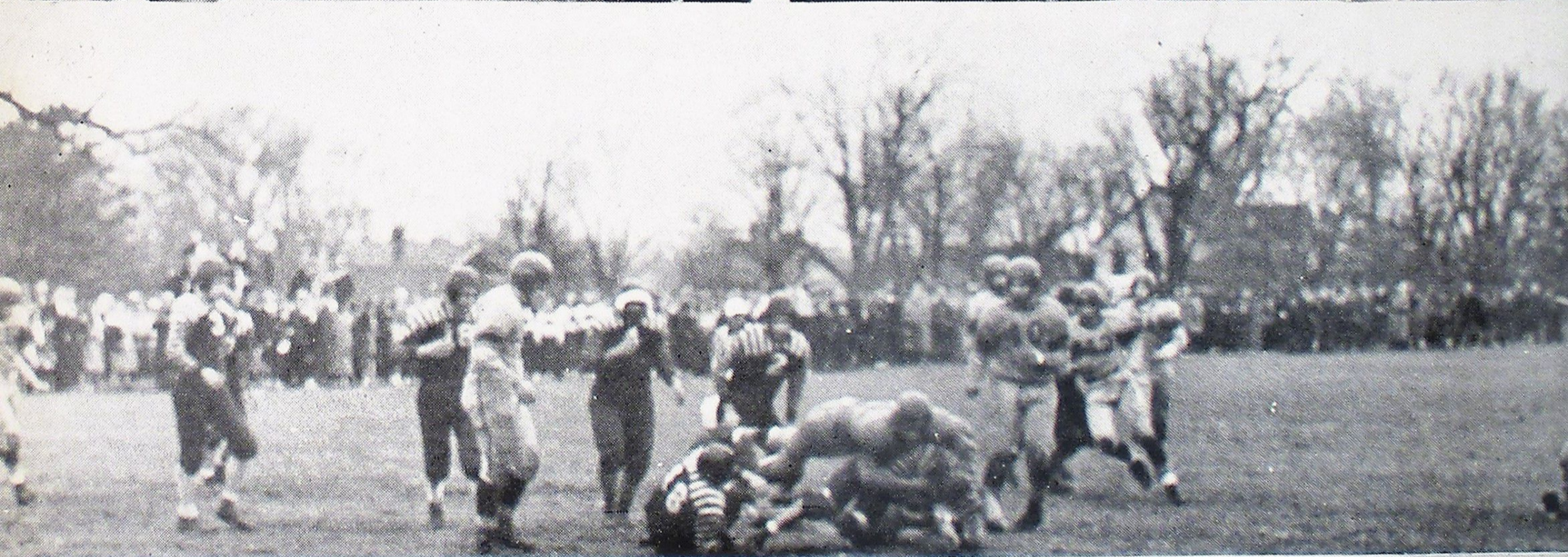
The biggest achievement of the year was the beating Millis gave Medway—41-19. The team is grateful to the Booster Club for its support and comradeship.

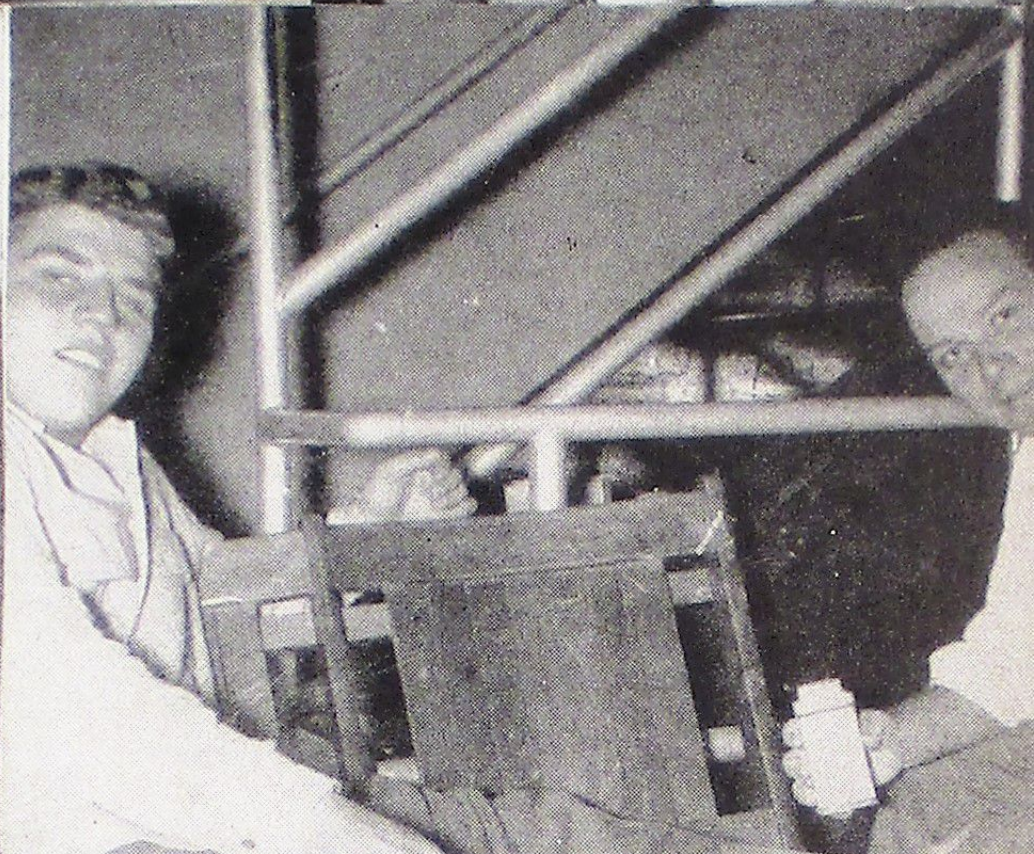
Boys Basketball Team . . .



Standing: Coach Parsons, George Harris, Tommy Keough, Gerald Neirenberg, Alan Newell, Donald Ackroyd, Louis Moore.

Kneeling: Billy Tate, Donny Cox, Dicky Bayramshian, Charlie Harris.







Our Memories Will Last Through the Years



When we look at these pictures, perhaps with a tear

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